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OXFORD OBSERVER

VOL. IV.] NORWAY, (Maine,) THURSDAY, AUGUST 23, 1827. [NO. 164.

MISCELLANEOUS.

[FROM THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.]

A TALE OF THE WEST.

"Alas! they had been friends in youth
But whispering tongues can poison truth;
And Constancy lives in realms above,
And Life is thorny, and Youth is vain:
And to be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain."
Coleridge.

"His tale untold—his truth too dearly prov'd." *Byron.*

In the fall of '24 being on a tour through the western country, the beauty of the scenery, as well as the hospitality of the inhabitants, induced me to extend my rambles as far as the village of H——, in the State of Kentucky. I remained in that place some time delighted with every thing around me.—Having introductory letters to many of the citizens, I was never at a loss for company or entertainment. An evening or two, however, before I left the place, being indisposed from giving or receiving satisfaction in company, I strolled to the environs of this romantic village, and directed my way to the burying place, which had been pointed out to me before. I entered, and viewed many a misshapen stone intended to hand down the memory of the sleeper beneath. I read many an illiterate scrawl which some warm admirer had written "to blazon common woe;" but was most strongly attracted by "their neat white tomb stones," which bore the same family name, and two of which were nearly of the same date; and while I was musing over this last scene of frail mortality, I was joined by the same village sexton, who had just prepared another "narrow house" for—one unknown to fame. I asked him the story of their slumbering inmates, when he gave me the outlines of the following narrative:

In the winter of 1813, Henry Stanley, accompanied by Robert Clymer, wandered from the battalion to which they were attached, and which was stationed on our northwestern frontier for the purpose of preventing the incursions of the Indians, and also to punish their savage temerity. Henry was as solemn and silent as his boon companion, Robin, (for the Scot was usually called thus) was facetious and talkative; and indeed he was never seen without a smile upon his lips, or without making some remark which

"Made even thick lipp'd musing Melancholy
To gather up her face into a smile,
Before she was aware."

They stood by a roofless and decayed mansion house—the fox had made it his den, and the wild wall flower, which mantled the mouldering edifice, had perished in the frosted breeze of the morning—it had no other tenant. The household deities had been prostrated, and those of the household hearth were perhaps, scattered as slaves among the Indians of the lakes, or the more distant hunters of the Missouri. A thousand feeling reflections flitted across Henry's mind as he thought of his father's home, and the tender solicitude of his mother; but there was another feeling however once it may have added sunshine to the soul, now sat as a deep cloud upon his waking thoughts and his midnight dreams. Robin was employed in far other thoughts: in those of joy and merriment—he was planning something for the next day's amusement to divert the melancholy of his friend, for whom he possessed the highest esteem—suddenly, a tall thin form, dressed in Indian garb, parsed before them; their first impulse was to draw and fire, but did not, seeing that he was unarmed. The Indian stopped a moment, and gazing full upon Henry, he said in broken English, "We fight to-morrow—nor shall to-morrow's sun go down without leaving a curse upon your head!" and quickly hurried on—he was the Indian Prophet, the brother of Tecumseh. They both returned to their encampment in silence. Henry was more than usually melancholy, and Robin was unwilling to break in upon the sacredness of his thoughts,—he knew what they were.

On the following morning, the 22d of January the British, and their allies, the Indians, presented themselves in battle array—the slaughter of our men was terrible—here the old sexton wept, and said you know the issue of that deadly conflict; and his face brightening up, he continued! but Henry behaved himself like a man—he was a brave soldier I had a son that perished in the same engagement. He stood upon Henry's left, and Robin on his right—he was a fine lad. Henry and Robin were of the few survivers, and were those who assisted Captain Hart when he was wounded, and were with him when he was massacred, after they were taken prisoners, but were unable to afford him assistance. Henry and Robin, in the partition of the prisoners, were consigned to different warriors, and immediately separated—Henry to the wilderness; but Robin's *master* going to Malden, he was taken with him, where he was redeemed by the philanthrophy of the inhabitants. Having secured his own liberty, his first thought was the welfare of his friend. He sought all opportunities to gain information of him—but in vain. He had given up all thoughts of ever seeing him again, when he met a fierce looking savage leading him through the village for sale. Robin with the money he had saved from his labor, became the purchaser of his friend Henry. Their meeting was one which the world does not often witness, it was a silent and holy meeting of truest, firmest friends. Henry was changed; two years he had spent in wretchedness, and his strong constitution was beginning to bend to the power of continued misery—his dark and matted hair hung down and shaded his high and manly brow, and the fire of his eye only served to show the feelings of doubt and gloom which reigned within. But a few day's rest, and the certainty of again seeing in a short time the smoke curl up from his native chimney, together with the cheering and lively presence of Scotch Robin, soon restored him so as to be able to undertake his journey home, accompanied by Robin, who swore never to leave him.

They approached the scenes of Henry's boyhood—breathless he tapped at the door of his father's mansion—he entered—the mournful couple were sitting on each side of the fireplace, gazing on the dying embers in silence. Mrs. Stanley was dressed in a mourning habit—sorrow was fast stealing away those few charms which the tyrant Time in his flight had left her. He clasped her in his arms, and kissed her. Mr. Stanley extended his hand, and in a voice which bespoke the affection of the parent, but at the same time betrayed the wounded pride of the old soldier he said—

"Harry, thou art welcome."

Harry's head became dizzy, he drew his hand across his brow, and after a short, deep pause, he clasped his hands in agony, and answered—

"Is this the warm salutation I expected from my father?"

"Harry," resumed Mr. Stanley," I have been a soldier, and never dishonored the name: you, my son, boasted the same pursuit, and have been justly or unjustly branded as a coward, and degraded from the rank which you held as an officer."

"By heaven! it is false; let me but know my traducer," exclaimed Henry.

My, son! your traducer is the world, and the evidence of it are letters written by your commanding officers, which I myself have seen, and over which I wept; and in that hour of shame and anguish wished thy mother's womb had been barren, or that thou hadst fell fighting as became a brave man. Those letters are now in the possession of your friend, Peyton Arvil; and to night, your once loved Mary and he are to be married. When she heard of your conduct, she came to me and wept, and bade me "farewell." She said she never could forget her former dreams of your magnanimity and bravery, nor could she think of wedding a man who had so far disgraced himself. She has accepted the offers of the *wealthy* Peyton, her father's first choice.

The father did not perceive that the latter part of his address was unheard, unheeded. He had been a soldier and was accustomed to use a soldier language—to speak honestly and bluntly. Henry sank upon a chair, and for some time glared ghastly at his stern father. Mrs. Stanley wept—and even the honest and light hearted Scotchman sighed, as he said, "By St. Andrew, but he maun a skellum."

Henry arose, and looking wildly around rushed out of the room with curses quivering on his lips. He was followed by the good Scot, who began to feel that philosophy of his good humor was not proof against the trials and sufferings of his friend. Not being able to overtake Henry, he returned to Mr. Stanley to clear up the character of his son. Mr. Stanley would not listen to him, or if he did, would not believe him—but looked upon him as one of Henry's underlings, come prepared to swear or do any thing for his paymaster. On all other subjects than that of his honor, Mr. Stanley was calm, reasonable and dignified—but to touch upon this tender point in his character, in the most distant manner, was to call down on the head of the aggressor, the impetuous vengeance of a madman.

All the beauty of the village were collected in the bridal hall to witness the marriage ceremonies, and to partake in the hilarity of the evening—there were many a light heart and sparkling eye; many an elegant form and sensitive mind which sought in the opposite side of the room for their favorite objects of endearment. All was joy and mirth, repressed only by the presence of the village parson who, sat in the "big arm chair," enjoying their innocent pleasures. Such was the face of this agreeable little company, when the bride and the joyous bridegroom were ushered into the room by their proper attendants. She, the ill-fated Mary, was not dressed in any of those ornaments usually worn on such occasions; she was only dressed in the plainest white—the wedding ring, which she had chosen herself, was a chrystal set round with jet. She was lovlier than her companions had ever seen her, but still there was something of gloom upon her countenance, and which was attributed to any other than the true cause.—The ceremony had proceeded, the happy bridegroom had given the fatal ring which sealed his villany to his friend, and his duplicity to the lovely Mary, when a haggard being presented himself before them—Mary fainted in the arms of her attendants, the females shrieked, and the good old man let the prayer book fall to the floor; Peyton stood dumb and motionless—they all recognised in the sorrow-worn countenance, and the waning form of the being before them, the once elegant and esteemed Henry Stanley.—They knew that Mary and he had been engaged, and before they had recovered from their surprise, Henry sprang towards Peyton, and gave him a fatal stab—he reeled and sunk lifeless upon the floor. Henry with a fiend like laugh, shouted—"This is your bridal hour!" Mary had not yet recovered—he looked at her earnestly and tenderly, as if there had been no blood upon his soul, and said, "My lovely Mary, art thou too gone?" and sighing deeply he continued—"The Indian told me true!"

Henry was removed from the room, and conveyed to his distracted mother, but still unbending father, and [illegible] to bed, for a raging fever was fast drying up the already near exhausted current of life, and which imparted a fury and madness to every thing he said or did. After lingering several days, the fever abated and he became able to converse reasonably and with connection. He did not appear to have any recollection of any thing that had transpired since he left his father's house, and was surprsied at every thing around him.—He was lying on his couch—the heart-broken mother was watching at his head—Mr. Stanley stood at the foot of the bed gazing on the emaciated form of his son, still with the same feelings with which he had welcomed him to his home; nor was the faithful Robin ever from his bed side, nor since his entrance into Mr. Stanley's house, was he ever seen to smile. A person of more than ordinary appearance was ushered into the room—he entered without ceremony into the house of mourning—he approached the bedside of Henry not noticing that any other person was near—Henry's countenance became flushed; a smile mantled his lips, and grasping the stranger's hand, he faintly exclaimed—"General Winchester."—Mrs. Stanley started from her seat; Mr. Stanley gazed at him sternly, as if he was some malignant being come to upbraid him with the disgrace of his son; but Robin paid no attention to any thing that was going on; he saw his Henry's spirits had passed away, and tears were stealing down his pock-marked cheek—the first time the gay, good humored Robin was ever known to shed a tear. General Winchester still stood a gazing on the inanimate form of his favorite Henry.—Mrs. Stanley leaned over in tearless agony, and kissed his cold and clammy brow.

General Winchester turned to Mr. Stanley, who was still gazing upon him and said—'I come to save your son from the dishonorable imputations which his false friend by means of forged letters, had contrived to fix upon him—I am too late—but I, as his commanding officer, bear testimony to the virtues and bravery of your heroic son; and permit me to raise my voice to save the memory of a brave man from the vile aspersions which have been thrown out against him. I will do my duty to the noble boy, by publishing his valor to the world, which has injured him in believing the tale of a villian.'

Mr. Stanley wept bitterly, and answered, 'Is man such a villain?"—Then turning and looking at his son, he continued—"It is too late! but thank God his memory is redeemed from infamy—his last act will be justifiable with man, and may his God wipe away the crime, if any there be from his soul."

Preparation was made for the funeral rites.—Mrs. Stanley sat and watched by her son the last and only scion of her race. On the succeeding day the burial took place, superintended by the General and the weeping Robin, who had been kindly recognised by his worthy commandment. He was interred with military honors. Such was the fate of Henry Stanley, a soldier at the battle of the River Raisin, the father and mother too have gone down to the grave beside him—the mansion house of the Stanleys has passed into the strangers' hands—Robert Clymer has returned to his native hills—Mary, the lovely maniac, visits Henry's grave, and strews it with her wild flowers; and yearly, over his breast plants the "Forget me not."

———In yonder corner is Peyton's grave, overgrown with the bramble and thistle, where the adder may crawl unhurt, and the owl hoot unscared.

JERUSALEM.

Jerusalem, the capital of ancient Judea and of modern Palestine, is situated 34 miles ESE. of Jaffa, its nearest port, and contains 20,000 or 30,000 inhabitants. In its most flourishing times, it occupied several hills, of which the most elevated was *Mount Zion*, forming the southern quarter; *Mount Moriah*, on which the temple of Solomon was built, formed the eastern part; *Mount Acra* was situated on the west, and *Mount Bezeta* on the east. The Modern city is built chiefly on *Mount Moriah*. The ascents on all sides, except the north, are steep. It is almost surrounded by valleys, encompassed by mountains, so that it seems to be situated in the middle of an amphitheatre.

During the reign of Tiberius, Jerusalem was rendered memorable in all succeeding ages by the death and rusurrection of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, who, according to the common computation, was crucified on Friday, April 3, at 3 o'clock, P. M. at the age of 33, on *Calvary*, a small hill, which [illegible] northwest side of the city.

Jerusalem was taken and destroyed by Titus, A. D. 70. At this memorable siege, the inhabitants were reduced to the greatest extremity, and according to Josephus. 97,000 prisoners fell into the hands of the conqueror; and the whole number slain and taken prisoners, during the seven years' war was 1, 462,000. Since the year 1517, this city has been in the possession of the Turks. It is called by them *Cudsembaric*, or *Coudsheriff*. The Orientals, however, generally call it *El Kods*, or *Heleods*, i. e. *The Holy*; sometimes adding *El Sheriff*, *The Noble*.

It is now greatly reduced from its former size and importance; and is only about 2 1-2 miles in circuit. The streets are narrow, but straight and well paved. The houses are generally well built of stone, for the most part of two or three stories, with a plain simple front, without windows in the lower story, so that a passenger walking the streets might conceive himself in the corridor of a vast prison; the doors' besides, are so low, that a person must bend almost double in order to enter them.—The roofs are either terraced over, or rise in domes, and the dull uniformity of the whole is interrupted by the minarets of the mosques and the steeples of the churches. The city contains five synagogues, 11 mosques, and 20 monasteries.

The building, which attracts the most attention from Christian Pilgrims, is the church of the holy Sepulchre, which was originally built by the empress Helena, and supposed to include the spots connected by the crucifixion and entombment of our Saviour. But the most splendid edifice, by far is the mosque of Omar, called by the Mahometans El Haram, or the Temple, built in the seventeenth century on the site of the temple of Solomon. The external magnificence of this edifice appeared to Dr. Clarke superior to that of St. Sophia in Constantinople. It is composed of magnificent piles of buildings, erected at different periods, and is enclosed in a court or square, 1,369 feet long, and 845 broad. The Mahometan religion acknowledges but two temples, that of Mecca and that of Jerusalem: both are prohibited to all but Mahometans.—Jetusalem has some trade, but it derives a great part of its support from the visits of pilgrims, who frequent it from various parts of the Christian world.

Dr. Clarke thus describes his approach to this city:—"Ascending a hill towards the south—'*Hagiopolis!* exclaimed a Greek in the van of our cavalcade; and instantly throwing himself from his horse, was seen bare-headed, upon his knees, facing the prospect he surveyed. Suddenly the sight burst upon us all. Who shall describe it? The effect produced was that of total silence throughout the whole company. Many of the party by an immediate impulse, took off their hats as if entering a church, without being sensible of so doing. The Greeks and Catholics shed torrents of tears; and presently beginning to cross themselves, with unfeigned devotion, asked if they might be permitted to take off the covering from their feet, and proceed barefooted to the Holy Sepulchre.

"We had not been prepared for the grandeur of the spectacle which the city exhibited. Instead of a wretched and ruined town, by some described as the desolated remnant of Jerusalem, we beheld, as it were, a flourishing and stately Metropolis; presenting a magnificent assemblage of domes, towers, palaces, churches, and monasteries; all of which, glittering in the sun's rays, shone with inconceivable splendor."
Worcester's Sketches.

Anecdote of Capt. Hull—communicated by one of his Officers.

During the cruise of the Frigate United States, in 1826, this ship lay at anchor in the port of Callao. The Castle, which commands the port, was in possession of the Spaniards, commanded by Gen. Rodil, and was besieged and blockaded by the Patriot forces. One night the British 84, Cambridge, Captain Malig, came into the above port, and was fired upon by the Castle; a boat was despatched immediately by Capt. Malig to inquire the cause of the outrage. Gen. Rodil replied that he supposed the Cambridge to be the United States Frigate, Capt. Hull, and he did not consider it proper for any neutral ship of war to anchor within gunshot of the Castle during that crisis. This answer was communicated to Capt. Hull, in the morning, by Capt. Malig. Capt. Hull immediately cleared his ship for action, double shotted the guns, hoisted his broad pendant with the American colors, *he will fire into me!* The frigate was soon under way, with tompkins out and matches lighted, and sailed close to the Castle without receiving a shot. But a boat was sent by Gen. Rodil to Capt. Hull, with an *apology*, which was accepted, and the frigate returned to her former anchoring ground. No doubt existed in the minds of any of the officers of Capt. Hull, that a severe engagement would ensue, if the frigate was fired upon.—*Thomaston Reg.*

SINCERE OPINIONS.

Eight years ago, when the Richmond *Enquirer* and its editor had not become tools in the hands of an unprincipled combination, and, Mr. Adams not being a candidate, the *Enquirer* was at liberty to speak the truth about him, that paper contained the following editorial remarks upon Mr. Adams' defence of General Jackson's conduct in Florida.—*Frankfort (Ky.) Commentator.*

"I cannot sufficiently express the profound sentiments of admiration and delight with which I have perused this State paper. It is written with an astonishing force of ingenuity, and adorned with the most captivating eloquence of all descriptions. It has the air of a man, who feels most acutely for the wrongs of his country—who is indignant at the insults offered her by the aggressor, pretending to demand redress, and who pours out those feelings in the most forcible strains. It is a monument of diplomatic genius. It is an ornament to my country. I feel proud of belonging to such a nation which has produced such a blaze of talents. It shivers the mansfesto of the Spanish Cabinet into dust and ashes. Into what utter insignificance, does the redoubtable Chevalier Onis sink! He seems like a pigmy in the hands of a giant."

In 1818, when for a similar reason, the same *Enquirer* was at liberty to speak with equal freedom of Gen. Jackson, its sentiments were such as follow:—

"*I will say before my God,*" says the editor of the Richmond *Enquirer*, (Thomas Ritchie,) "that for the acts he has done, on account of the precedents he has set, he (Gen. Jackson) ought to be called to answer. With all my respect for the Administraton, I must think them wrong for the forbearance they at present appear to have manifested towards him."

In the same year, the same *Enquirer* copied, with approbation, from the Georgia *Journal*, the following, among other remarks.—

GENERAL JACKSON.—It is rumored that the members of the Cabinet at Washington, are equally divided on the propriety of arresting Gen. Jackson for disobedience of odrers in his Florida expedition. * * * * * *

The "hero" of Orleans, like Com

Perry, seems to be intoxicated with popular applause.—He seems to act on the absurd belief that *he* "can do no wrong." He has taken upon himself to decide on the *field*, matters that belong to the Congress. He has repeatedly disregarded positive orders, and trampled the fundamental laws under foot. He has, in short, played the part of a *military Despot*, and exercised the power of a *Dictator* in disguise. It is time the eyes of the people were opened, and that they should see things as they are, *Cæsar, Cromwell, and Bonaparte, although valiant defenders, were also enslavers of their country.*

The celebrated M. M. Noah, *Judge and Governor of Israel*, now edits a paper in New-York, on the side of *the opposition*. But in January, 1819, Mr. Noah was the editor of a *truly republican* print, called the *National Advocate*. He then said with perfect truth and justice of Mr. Adams, as Secretary of State, what may be now said of him as President, with equal truth and justice.

"Since Mr. Adams has entered upon his public duties, he has not been diverted from them by any extraneous circumstances, but has proved, by assiduity, perseverence and talents, that he is a most useful, capable and correct officer, and merits fully, THE CONFIDENCE WHICH THE PEOPLE REPOSE IN HIM."

General Jackson's Answer to Mr. Clay.

TO THE PUBLIC.

A letter addressed by me to Mr. Carter Beverly, of Virginia, has lately, without any consent, agency, or wish on my part, found its way into the newspapers, accompanied by a statement over the signature of H. Clay, contradicting and denying, not any thing I have written, but that which he himself makes me to say. It is not the interpretation given by him to my letter, but my own language and own statement, that I am called upon to defend, and expect to vindicate.

To explain the manner in which my opinions have found their way into the journals of the day, seems, in the first place, to be due both to the public and myself. Mr. Beverly, being on a visit at my house, requested to know of me, other gentlemen being present, whether the overtures heretofore imputed to Mr. Clay were well founded, and if I had a knowledge of any of the facts myself, I answered him candidly; being unable, as well as unwilling, to refuse telling things I had heard and knew to be true. A letter detailing our conversation, shortly afterwards obtained publicity in the "North Carolina Journal," printed at Fayetteville. On the 15th of May last, from Louisville, Kentucky, a communication was addressed to me by Mr. Beverly, stating what before I had not Fayetteville letter. He explained the reasons for his having repeated the conversation, and requested to be informed, if any thing he had mis-quoted or misconceived my meaning. Under such circumstances, concealment and silence might have seemed mere affectation, or indeed something of a different and even worse character. Publicity having been given to the conversation, and an appeal made to me for its accuracy, I felt it to be due to Mr. Beverly, that nothing of fabrication should be imputed to him; and to myself, that what I had stated should be correctly understood. Accordingly, on the 6th of June, and in reply to his of the 15th of May, I addressed him a letter of which the public are already possessed. How, and by what means, it found its way into the columns of a newspaper, Mr. Beverly has explained: he states to me, that he gave it into the hands of Mr. Noah Zane, of Wheeling, Virginia, at his earnest request, for perusal under a pledge of honor, that it should be returned; and with no expectation that any copy of it was to be retained. That on his applying for, and demanding the letter, it was refused to be restored, until two copies should be made. He proceeds to say:

"Mr. Zane, an old and most respectable gentleman, asked the loan of your letter as a favor; and, contrary to all custom and propriety in such cases, he, in conjunction with Mr. Clay and his friends, took copies of it, without my knowledge or privity in any way, and without asking my leave to do so. Soon as I understood that such was the use they were making of it, I demanded of Mr. Zane the letter, and remonstrated against the unprecedented course they were taking. He refused to restore it to me, most preemptorily, until they had satisfied themselves by furnishing to Mr. Clay one copy, and reserving another for their own use.

The original conversation referred to, and the above extract of a letter from Mr. Beverly, at Wheeling dated 25th of June, 1827, are presented to show that I have not, as is charged, "placed myself in the attitude of a public accuser," and that whatever publicity has been given to this transaction, has arisen from no agency or procurement of mine; and that Mr. Clay, in fact, has, himself, held the matter up to public gaze. In doing this, he should have quoted what I had written accurately and fairly; for then, the text and his commentary would have suited together; at present, his contradiction is of something suggested by himself, and is not contained in my letter.

The statement contained in my letter to Mr. Beverly, is this: That in January, 1825, a member of Congress, of high respectability, visited me one morning and observed—"he had been informed by the friends of Mr. Clay, that the friends of Mr. Adams had made overtures to them, saying, if Mr. Clay and his friends would unite in aid of the election of Mr. Adams, Mr. Clay should be Secretary of State; that the friends of Mr. Adams were urging, as a reason to induce the friends of Mr. Clay, to accede to this proposition, that if I was elected President, Mr. Adams would be continued Secretary of State (innuendo, there would be no room for Kentucky)—that the friends of Mr. Clay stated, the West did not wish to separate from the West, and if I would say, or permit any of my confidential friends to say, that in case I was elected President, Mr. Adams should not be continued Secretary of State, by a complete union of Mr. Clay and his friends, they would put an end to the Presidential contest in one hour; and he was of opinion it was right to fight such intriguers with their own weapons."

This disclosure was made to me by Mr. JAMES BUCHANAN, a member of Congress, from Pennsylvania, a gentleman of the first respectability and intelligence. The evening before, he had communicated, substantially, the same proposition to Major Eaton, my colleague in the Senate, with a desire warmly manifested that he should communicate with me, and ascertain my views on the subject. This he declined doing, suggesting to Mr. Buchanan, that he, as well as himself, could converse with me, and ascertain my opinion on the matter; though, from his knowledge of me, he thought he could well conjecture my answer—that I would enter into no engagements whatever. It was the morning succeeding this interview, after Major Eaton had objected to converse with me on the subject, and before I had set out from my lodgings for the Capitol, that Mr. Buchanan came to visit me, and when the conversation I have stated took place. The answer returned, has already been published, and need not here be repeated.

To be thus approached by a gentleman of Mr. Buchanan's high character and standing, with an apology proffered at the time for what he was about to remark to me—one who, as I understood, had always to that moment, been on familiar and friendly terms with Mr. Clay, assuring me, that on certain terms and conditions being assented to on my part, then, "by an union of Mr. Clay and his friends, they would put an end to the Presidential contest in one hour," what other conclusions or inference was to be made, than that he spoke by authority, either of Mr. Clay himself, or some of his confidential friends? The charbids the idea that he was acting on his own responsibility, or that, under any circumstances, he could have been induced to propose an arrangement, unless possessed of satisfactory assurances, that, if accepted, it would be carried fully into effect. A weak mind would seldom or ever be thus disposed to act; an intelligent one, never.

Under all the circumstances, appearing at that time, I did not resist the impression that Mr. Buchanan had approached me on the cautiously submitted proposition of some authorized person; and, therefore, in giving him my answer, did request him "to say to Mr. Clay and his friend," what that answer had been. Whether the communication was made to Mr. Clay and his friends I know not; this though, I do know, that while the opinions and course of Mr. Clay as to the election, were but matter of conjecture with many, at and before this time, very shortly after this conversation took place, his, and his friends' opinions became, forthwith, matter of certainty and general knowledge. Still I have not said, nor do I now say, that the proposal made to me was "*with the privity and consent*" of Mr. Clay, nor neither have I said that his *friends in Congress made propositions to me.* These are Mr. Clay's interpretations of my letter to Mr. Beverly, and not what my letter itself contains. What I have stated are the facts of a conversation between myself and a member of Congress of high respectability. The conclusion and inference from that conversation, the time, manner, and all the circumstances satisfied my mind that it was not *unauthorized.* So I have thought, and so I still think; and yet I again repeat, that in this supposition I may have possibly done Mr. Clay injustice. If he shall be able to sustain the avertments he has made, and acquit himself of any participation and agency in the matter, I beg leave to assure him that, so far, from affording me pain, it will give me pleasure. I certainly can have no desire that the character of my country, through the acts of a prominent citizen, shall rest under any serious imputation; for the honor of that country, I should greatly prefer that any inference I have made may turn out to be ill-founded.

Mr. Clay declares his great satisfaction that this matter has at last been brought to light, and to public consideration. He feels rejoiced "that a specific accusation by a responsible accuser, has at length appeared." To this, a passing notice is due.

It must be recollected, that in consequence of a letter from Mr. George Kremer, in January, 1825, an inquiry was set on foot in Congress upon the application of Mr. Clay himself.

On this memorable occasion, of guilt imputed on the one hand, and innocence maintained on the other, Mr. McDuffie, it will be recollected, submitted for consideration of the House of Representatives, as matter of instruction to the committee, the following resolution: "That the said committee be instructed to inquire whether the friends of Mr. Clay have hinted that they would fight for those who would pay best, or any thing to that effect; and whether overtures were said to have been made by the friends of Mr. Adams to the friends of Mr. Clay, offering him the appointment of Secretary of State for his aid to elect Mr. Adams; and whether the friends of Mr. Clay gave this information to the friends of Jackson, and hinted that if his friends would offer the same price they would close with them; and whether Henry Clay has transferred, or resolved to transfer his interest to John Q. Adams; and whether it was said and believed, that, as a consideration for this abandonment of duty to his constituents, Clay was to be appointed Secretary of State; and that the said committee be authorized to send for persons and papers, and to compel the persons so sent for, to answer upon oath."

Now here is a resolution, officially submitted, covering more than the ground of my communication to Mr. Beverly: and resting in connexion with an accusation publicly charged in the newspapers; and yet Mr. Clay, at this late period, professes to be rejoiced, that a "specific accusation by a responsible accuser, has it length appeared." Certainly more than two years ago, an accuser respectable, and an accusation specific, were both before him—were both within his reach, and might have been met, had he been at all disposed to the interview, or rejoiced at the prospect of meeting an accuser. Had Mr. McDuffie believed the charge groundless and untrue, he is a man of too high sense of honor to have pressed upon the consideration of the committee, an instruction clothed in the pointed phraseology that this is; nor can it be inferred that, in a matter so serious, the friends of Mr. Clay would have voted against extending this asked for power to the committee. An innocent man, before an impartial tribunal, fears not to meet the execise of any power that competent authority gives: and far less should he distrust that exercise, when in the hands of correct and honorable men.

Innocence never seeks for safety thro' convert ways and hidden ambuscades; she fights by day and in the open plain, and proud in her own strength meets her enemy fearlessly. In the proposition submitted by Mr McDuffie, there was nothing to alarm, nothing that innocence should have doubted about; it was neither more nor less, than a call of the attention of the committee to particular inquiries, with an application for power to ferret out the truth, through an appeal to the oath of those who might be called upon to depose before them.

Without documents, and unacquainted with the number of Mr. Clay's friends in the House, I cannot assert that *they* were in opposition to Mr. M'Duffie's resolution. Yet it is obvious that the influence he possessed, would have been amply sufficient to produce a different result, had Mr. C. been at all desirous that a different one should have been produced. The resolution contained strong imputations, and serious charges—Mr. Clay and his friends were both implicated. Can it be presumed, under such a state of general excitement, that, if Mr. Clay desired it, he could not have found present and at hand, some friend to ask in his behalf, that the resolution should be adopted and full powers extended to the committee! And, moreover, can it be thought, that such an indulgence, if desired by Mr. Clay, or any of his friends, could or would have been denied? And yet, it was denied, inasmuch as the resolution was rejected, and the power asked for, refused to the committee. A solicitude to find "a specific accusation, by a responsible accuser," could not have been so seriously entertained then, as it is earnestly expressed now, or else so excellent an opportunity being afforded to encounter both, both could not have been so carelessly regarded—so contemned, and so thrown away. A controversy with me can no more disclose or render apparent Mr. Clay's innocence, than could the controversy placed within his reach two and a half years ago; and yet, while the one was avoided, or at any rate not embraced with a zeal corresponding with the necessity of the occasion, at the prospects presented by the other, exceeding joy seems to be manifested. Then, as now, *a specific accusation*, was before him.

One further remark and I am done, with a hope that, on this subject, I may not be under any necessity of again appearing in the newspapers. In saying what I have, all the circumstances considered, I have felt it was due to myself, and to the public. My wish would have been to avoid having any thing to say or do in this matter from an apprehension well conceived, that persons will not be wanting, who may charge whatever is done, to a desire to affect others, and benefit myself. My own feelings though, are of higher importance and value to me, than the opinion of those who impose censure where it is believed not to be deserved. I have been actuated by no such design, nor governed by any such consideration. The origin—the beginning of this matter, was at my own house and fireside; where, surely, a freeman may be permitted to speak on public topics, without having ascribed to him improper designs. I have not gone into the highways and market places to proclaim my opinions; and in this, feel that I have differed from some, who, even at public dinner tables, have not scrupled to consider me as a legitimate subject for a speech, and the entertainment of the company. And yet, of this, who has heard me complain? No one. Trusting to the justice of an intelligent people, I have been content to rely for security on their decision, against the countless assaults and slanders, which are sought so repeatedly to be palmed upon them, without seeking to present myself in my own defence; and still less, to become "the responsible accuser" of Mr. Clay, or any other person.

ANDREW JACKSON.

Hermitage July 18th, 1827.

[*To the Editor of the Lancaster Journal.*]

MR. BUCHANAN AND GEN. JACKSON.

The Cincinnati Advertiser was last night placed in my hands by a friend, containing an address from Gen. Jackson to the public, dated on the 18th ultimo, in which he announces me to be the Member of Congress to whom he had referred, in his letter to Mr. Beverly of the 5th June last. The duty which I owe to the public, and to myself, now compels me to publish to the world, the only conversation which I ever held with Gen. Jackson, upon the subject of the last Presidential election, prior to its termination.

In the month of december, 1824, a short time after the commencement of the session of Congress, I heard among other rumors then in circulation, that Gen. Jackson had determined, should he be elected President, to continue Mr. Adams in the office of Secretary of State—Although I felt certain he had never intimated such an intention, yet I was sensible that nothing could be better calculated, both to cool the ardor of his friends and inspire his enemies with confidence, than the belief that he had already selected *his chief competitor*, for the highest office within his gift. I thought Gen. Jackson owed it to himself and to the cause in which his political friends were engaged, to contradict this report; and to declare that he would not appoint to that office the man, however worthy he might be, who stood at the head of the most formidable party of his political enemies. These being my impressions, I addressed a letter to a confidential friend in Pennsylvania, then and still high in office, and exalted in character, and one who had ever been the decided advocate of Gen. Jackson's election, requesting his opinion and advice upon the subject. I received his answer, dated the 27th December, 1824, upon the 29th, which is now before me, and which strengthened and confirmed my previous opinion. I then finally determined, either that I would ask Gen. Jackson myself, or get another of his friends to ask him—whether he had ever declared, he would appoint Mr. Adams his Secretary of State. In this manner, I hoped a contradiction of the report might be obtained from himself, and that he might probably declare it was not his intention to appoint Mr. Adams.

A short time previous to the receipt of the letter to which I have referred, my friend Mr. Markley and myself got into conversation, as we very often did, both before and after, upon the subject of the Presidential election, and concerning the person who would probably be selected by General Jackson to fill the office of Secretary of State. I feel sincerely sorry that I am compelled thus to introduce his name; but I do so, with less reluctance, because it has already, without any agency of mine, found its way into the newspapers, in connexion with this transaction.

Mr. Markley adverted to the rumor which I have mentioned, and said it was calculated to injure the General. He observed that Mr. Clay's friends were warmly attached to him, and that he thought they would endeavor to act in concert at the election. That if they did so, they could either elect Mr. Adams or General Jackson at their pleasure; but that many of them would never agree to vote for the latter, if they knew he had pre-determined to prefer another to Mr. Clay, for the first office in his gift: and that some of the friends of Mr. Adams had already been holding out the idea, that in case he were elected, Mr. Clay might probable be offered the situation of Secretary of State.

I told Mr. Markley, that I felt confident Gen. Jackson had never said he would appoint Mr. Adams Secretary of State, because he was not in the habit of conversing upon the subject of the election, and if he were, whatever might be his secret intention, he had more prudence than to make such a declaration. I mentioned to him that I had been thinking, either that I would call upon the General myself, or get one of my other friends to do so, and thus endeavor to obtain from him a contradiction of the report; although I doubted whether he would hold any conversation upon the subject.

Mr. Markley urged me to do so; and observed if General Jackson had not determined whom he would appoint Secretary of State, and should say that it would not be Mr. Adams, it might be of great advantage to our cause for us, so to declare, upon his own authority: we should then be placed upon the same footing with the Adams' men, and might fight them with their own weapons. That the western members would naturally prefer voting for a western man, if there were a probability, that the claims of Clay to the second office in the Government should be fairly estimated; and that if they thought proper to vote for General Jackson, they could soon decide the contest in his favor.

A short time after this conversation, on the 30th December, 1824, (I am enabled to fix the time not only from my own recollection, but from letters which I wrote on that day, on the day following, and on the 2d January, 1825,) I called upon Gen. Jackson. After the company had left him, by which I found him surrounded, he asked me to take a walk with him; and whilst we were walking together upon the street, I introduced the subject. I told him, I wished to ask him a question in relation to the Presidential election, that I knew he was unwilling to converse upon the subject; that therefore if he deemed the question improper, he might refuse to give it an answer. That my only motive in asking it was friendship for him, and I trusted he would excuse me for thus introducing a subject, about which I knew he wished to be silent.

His reply was complimentary to myself, and accompanied with a request that I should proceed. I then stated to him, there was a report in circulation, that he had determined he would appoint Mr Adams Secretary of State, in case he were elected President, and that I wished to ascertain from him whether he had ever intimated such an intention. That he must at once perceive how injurious to his election, such a report might be. That no doubt, there were several able and ambitious men in the country, among whom I thought Mr. Clay might be included, who were aspiring to that office; and if it were believed, he had already determined to appoint *his chief competitor*, it might have a most unhappy effect upon their exertions, and those of their friends. That unless he had so determined, I thought this report should be promptly contradicted under his own authority.

I mentioned, it had already probably done him some injury, and proceeded to relate to him the substance of the conversation which I had held with Mr. Markley. I do not remember whether I mentioned his name, or merely described him as a friend to Mr. Clay.

After I had finished, the General declared, he had not the least objection to answer my question. That he thought well of Mr. Adams, but had never said or intimated, that he would, or that he would not, appoint him Secretary of State. That these were secrets he would keep to himself—he would conceal them from the very hairs of his head. That if he believed his right hand then knew what his left would do, upon the subjects of appointments to office, he would cut it off and cast it into the fire. That if he should ever be elected President, it would be without solicitation and without intrigue upon his part. That he would then go into office perfectly free and untrampled, and would be left at perfect liberty to fill the offices of the Government with the men ablest and the best in the country.

I told him that his answer to my question was such an one as I had expected to receive, if he answered it at all; and that I had not sought to obtain it, for my own satisfaction. I then asked him, if I were at liberty to repeat his answer. He said I was perfectly at liberty to do so to any person I thought proper. I need scarcely remark, that I afterwards availed myself of the privilege. The conversation on this topic here ended, and in all our intercourse since, whether personally, or in the course of our correspondence, Gen. Jackson never once adverted to the subject, prior to the date of his letter to Mr. Beverly.

I do not recollect that Gen. Jackson told me, I might repeat his answer to Mr. Clay and his friends; though I should be sorry to say he did not. The whole conversation being upon the public street, it might have escaped my observation.

A few remarks, and I trust I shall have done with the disagreeable business forever.

I called on Gen. Jackson, on the occasion which I have mentioned, solely as his friend, upon my individual responsibility, and not as the agent of Mr. Clay, or any other person. I never had been the political friend of Mr. Clay, since he became a candidate for the office of President, as you very well know. Until I saw Gen. Jackson's letter to Mr. Beverly of the 5th ult. and at the same time was informed by a letter from the Editor of the United States' Telegraph, that I was the person to whom he alluded, the conception never once entered my mind, that he believed me to have been the agent of Mr. Clay or of his friends, or that I had intended to propose to him terms of any kind from them, or that he could have supposed me to be capable of expressing the "opinion

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that it was right to fight such intriguers with their own weapons." Such a supposition, had I entertained it, would have rendered me exceedingly unhappy, as there is no man upon earth, whose good opinion I more valued, than that of Gen. Jackson. He could not, I think, have received this impression, until after Mr. C. and his friends had actually elected Mr. Adams President, and Mr. Adams had appointed Mr. C. Secretary of State. After these events had transpired, it may be readily conjectured in what manner, my communication might have led him into the mistake. I deeply deplore that such has been its effect.

I owe it to my own character to make another observation. Had I ever known, or even suspected, that Gen. Jackson believed I had been sent to him by Mr. Clay or his friends, I should have immediately corrected his erroneous impressions; and thus prevented the necessity for this most unpleasant explanation.—When the editor of the U. S. Telegraph, on the 12th October last, asked me by letter for information on this subject, I promptly informed him by the returning mail, on the 16th of that month, that I had no authority from Mr. Clay or his friends, to propose any terms to General Jackson in relation to their votes, nor did I ever make any such proposition; and that I trusted I would be as incapable of becoming a messenger, upon such an occasion, as it was known Gen. Jackson would be to receive such a message. I have deemed it necessary to make this statement, in order to remove any misconception, which may have been occasioned, by the publication in the Telegraph of my letter to the Editor, dated the 11th ult.

With another remark, I shall close this communication. Before I held the conversation with Gen. Jackson, which I have detailed, I called upon Major Eaton, and requested him to ask Gen. Jackson, whether he had ever declared or intimated, that he would appoint Mr. Adams Secretary of State, and expressed a desire that the General should say, if consistent with the truth, that he did not intend to appoint him to that office. I believed that such a declaration would have a happy influence upon the election, and I endeavored to convince him that such would be its effect. The conversation between us was not so full as that with Gen. Jackson. The Major politely declined to comply with my request, and advised me to propound the question to the General myself, as I possessed a full share of his confidence.

JAMES BUCHANAN.

Lancaster, 8th Aug. 1827.

THE OBSERVER.

NORWAY, THURSDAY, AUG. 23, 1827.

☞THOMAS CLARK, Esq. is our agent at Paris, to whom advertisements and Communications may be handed for this paper, and they will be attended to.

GEN. JACKSON AND MR. CLAY.—We give in another part of our paper, Gen. Jackson's Address to the public, on *his charge* of corruption, intrigue and bargain, brought before the people, against Mr. Secretary Clay. Although we would by no means, *conceal* our preference for Mr. Adams and Mr. Clay; although we would, in no respect, *disguise* our opposition to the elevation of General Jackson to the Presidency, still we would pursue, between the distinguished characters, a course of strict impartiality. We will give them respectively an opportunity to be heard by themselves, in our paper, but not by *counsel*. Our paper is "small," but it is large enough to give the *whole* of a subject, so important to the parties and to the nation, as this. No *garbled* or *one sided* statement ought to give satisfaction.

We beg leave very respectfully, to dissent from the course pursued by the *Editor* of the *Jeffersonian*, who declines giving his readers the lucid and convincing speech of Mr. Clay, because he *cannot* couple it with the *irresponsible* slander of Mr. McDUFFIE. What Gen. Jackson and Mr. Clay have to offer, on this subject, ought to be connected with the sayings of no individual, except the testimony of credible witnesses. We will not say that the reason given by the *Editor* of the *Jeffersonian*, for excluding this speech, is not the true one; but we would suggest that his embarrassment may be done away, and room yet found for its insertion, if he were a little less indulgent to his readers, in giving them *extracts* of *abuse* against the National Government. Exclude a few articles of this kind, (and he publishes many which *we* regard as of very questionable authority,) and his readers may yet be delighted with the speech of HENRY CLAY. We, however, do not undertake to dictate. Every man's course is his own property, the gentleman is in no wise, responsible to us.

The Editor of the Jeffersonian is not alone in the course he has pursued, other *opposition* Editors have done the same thing, and *even* worse, for while they have not published the speech, they have occupied the space in a commentary not all warranted by the text. Not so, with the Editor of the Jeffersonian; he has indeed got rid of it very genteelly.—He has really gone through his *usual* round of *professions*, of *fairness*, and *impartiality*, his reservations and protestandos with the ability of a special pleader; and although we have had them all, from his own pen, on *other* occasions and upon *other* subjects, repeatedly before, they nevertheless, when applied to a new subject passed off very decently. In short, he winked the whole affair out of sight in a truly Lawyer-like style, pockets his fee, and is ready to make the same excuses again, whenever they are needed.

MR. BUCHANAN'S LETTER.—Since General JACKSON'S Letter was in type, we have received that of Mr. *Buchanan*, and as we are very anxious to lay this case before our readers in as much connexion as possible, we publish it this day, although to the exclusion of the usual variety expected in a *newspaper*.—Its importance is our apology. We need not make the remark, which will suggest itself to every reader, on the inspection of Mr. B's Letter, that it *fails, utterly* fails to support Gen. Jackson in his accusation against the Secretary of State. Gen. Jackson has, in this instance, been betrayed, either by the *wrong headed* direction of his friends, or by *his own* overweening *cupidity* for the Presidential Chair, into a most miserable defeat. We are not disappointed at the result. We considered this as simply the George Kremer accusation brought forward by a more elevated and responsible, but certainly not more *adroit* prosecutor. Unfounded as this charge is against the Administration, we consider its appearance at this time, under so high authority, connected with so signal a failure as having a favorable tendency. Henceforth this charge will be regarded, by the great mass of the people, as it really is, a mere idle *slander*.

HEBRON ACADEMY.—We understand that this Institution is in a very flourishing condition, it has continued to rise in the estimation of the public, ever since the present instructer has had the charge of it. Mr. Perkins is a gentleman well qualified for the office which he now fills with so much honor to himself, and benefit to his Pupils. And in fact the eligible situation of this School is surpassed by few, if any, in this State, being in a pleasant part of the town, and remote from *Grog shops* and public Houses, so that the inducements for boys and young men to leave their studies and introduce habits of idleness and perhaps intemperance is entirely removed from them. We should certainly think it much better to send a child to a school situated like this, than to one in the immediate neighborhood of those nuisances to society, where one may see more or less persons intoxicated every day, with numerous other attending evils.

ANOTHER IMPROVEMENT.—Col. J. B. Wood and others, have recently erected a *Steam Mill* in Providence, and when it first went into operation, they had *one and a half* bushels of corn ground into meal which they made into a *hasty pudding*, of which *one hundred and fifty* persons partook. This was really a Yankee feast.

A GRAND SPECTACLE.—A number of gentlemen on both sides of the *Niagara river*, have united together in the purchase of a staunch and well built schooner of 136 tons burden, which will, on the eighth day of September next, be towed into the stream just above the rapids, and made to descend over the falls of Niagara. All the hatches, windows, &c. will be securely closed. It is thought by some that she will not sustain much damage in the descent. The proprietors expect their remuneration in the increased number of visiters at that time.

Improving the condition of the Press.—It will be recollected by most of our readers that *Mr. Van Buren*, wished to *improve the condition of the Press*, as he stated in his speech last winter; some of his coadjutors in this *great cause* and common interest, assembled in *Giles County*, Virginia, on the 4th of July, and celebrated the day agreeable to their own feelings.—Mr. F. Smith gave the following toast which was received with great applause:—

By F. Smith. The Editors of Newspapers whose columns are the vehicles of slander and misrepresentation—May they meet with hemp cravats. The only adequate reward of their infamy.

The Methodist quarterly meeting, will be holden on Saturday and Sunday next in the Congregational Meeting house in this town.

Extract of a letter from Mr. O. Reynolds, to Major Wm. Barr of this city.

St. Louis, July 12.

In consequence of hostilities commenced by the Winnebago Indians, the boats engaged to transport your army stores, have been stopped. The Keel Missouri was stopped at Prairie du Chien, the cargo stored in the fort (to which the citizens had fled) and the boat sunk to protect her. The boats in which the remainder is shipped, will stop at Rock Island.

It is impossible to proceed with the stores until some protection is procured, as men will not proceed further. Two boats returning from St. Peters were attacked, (one belonging to me) and two men killed and two wounded. I shall take proper methods to secure the cargo and boats so far as is in my power.

OTIS REYNOLDS.

Commodore PORTER was on a visit to New-Orleans about the 18th July; at which time the city continued quite healthy, no case of yellow fever having occurred the present season.

GENERAL ELECTION.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1827.

STATE NOMINATION.

FOR GOVERNOR.

HON. ENOCH LINCOLN.

Senators for York County.

NATIONAL ADMINISTRATION TICKET.

[*Three to be chosen.*]

HON. MARK DENNETT, *of Kittery.*
HON. MOSES SWEAT, *of Parsonsfield.*
HON. ISAAC EMERY, *of Biddeford.*

ANOTHER.

HON. GEORGE SCAMMON, *of Saco.*
DANIEL GOODENOW, Esq. *of Alfred.*
DR. CALEB EMERY, *of Eliot.*

ANOTHER.

HON. GEORGE SCAMMON, *of Saco.*
DR. CALEB EMERY, *of Eliot.*
GAMALIEL E. SMITH, Esq. *Newfield.*

Senators for Cumberland County.

[*Three to be chosen.*]

HON. ROBERT P. DUNLAP,
JOHN L. MEGQUIER, ESQ. &
DR. BENJAMIN H. MACE.

Senators for Lincoln County.

[*Four to be chosen.*]

EBENEZER HERRICK,
JOSIAH STEBBINS,
STEPHEN PARSONS, and
HALSEY HEALEY.

ANOTHER.

EDWIN SMITH,
JOEL MILLER,
EDWARD KAVANAGH,
WILLIAM RICHARDSON,

Senators for Oxford County.

[*Two to be chosen.*]

REUEL WASHBURN,
JOHN GROVER.

For County Treasurer.

HENRY RUST, Esq.

MOST HORRID MURDER.—On Thursday last, a man named Wm. Godfrey, residing at Mount Pleasant, in Norfolk County, about 8 miles above the Great Bridge, came to town to purchase some articles for his family, and among them bought a pair of shoes for his wife. On the following morning, on looking over his purchases, his wife observed, that the shoes he had bought for her, seemed better suited for winter than summer; but instantly perceiving that this remark displeased her husband, who she new to be very irritable, she refrained from saying any further on the subject.—Too much, however, it appears, had already been uttered for his quick and violent temper to brook! A tempest of rage began to rise in his bosom, and, after a short short silence, it burst forth in direful denunciations against herself, her two children and father and mother, all of whom he vowed he would destroy, and then kill himself. His wife was thrown into great consternation, and knowing the violence of his passions, lost not a moment in saving herself and children from the impending danger, by flight. As soon as he discovered she was gone, he loaded his musket, and armed himself further with a keen shoemaker's knife. Thus prepared, he hastened to the house of his father-in-law, Mr. Jesse Land, who lived within half a mile, and meeting with Mrs. Land at the door demanded his wife. Fortunately for her, she had taken a different direction. In vain her mother assured the enraged man that her daughter was not there. He was determined to believe the contrary, and poured on the old lady a torrent of abuse. Upon this, her son Gideon Land, (about 20 years of age) came out and begged him to forbear abusing his mother. He was deaf to all persuasion, and as they followed him a little way, endeavoring to pacify him, he suddenly cocked his gun. Mrs. Land observing this took her son round the neck, and was hurrying him off to the house, when, shocking to relate, the monster levelled his gun, and having the old lady, with her son Gideon, and Mr. Land, the father of his wife, all in a line before him, he discharged the piece, and lodged its contents partly in the neck of the son and partly in the right ear and neck of the old lady—the elder Mr. Land miraculously escaping.

The mother was living on Saturday, when we last heard from her, though dangerously wounded. The son (Gideon Land) died within about two hours.

A Coroner's inquest has investigated the case, and after examining the body, and collecting all the information that could be obtained, has pronounced that the deceased came to his death by wounds inflicted by the above named William Godfrey.

Immediately after committing the murder, Godfrey made his escape, and had not been apprehended when our informant left Mount Pleasant on Saturday evening.—*N. Beacon.*

ANOTHER MURDER.—A man by the name of Jeremiah Hill, belonging to the U. S. frigate Constellation, was so severely beaten by a free man of color named Jerry Bressie, on Thursday night last, in Portsmouth, that he died on Saturday. Jerry, the murderer, is well known in this place and Portsmouth, having formerly been employed on board the Steam Boat which plies between the two places. He has a large scar on his face, occasioned by the kick of a horse. He is supposed to have left Portsmouth on Thursday night or Friday, and we understand has not yet been apprehended.

FROM ENGLAND.

By the packet ship York, Captain De Cost, we have received our files to the 25th June.

TRIESTE, June 8.

The Austrian packet-boat, which arrived here the day before yesterday, from Corfu, after a passage of 4 days, brought among other passengers, the son of the brave Bozzaris, who fell at Missolonghi, a child of nine years of age, attended by another Greek. From these Greeks, as well as by letters from Zante of 30th May, and from Corfu of 4th June, we have further particulars of the decisive battle which the Seraskier gained before Athens. The loss of the Greeks consists in between 2,000 and 3,000 of the choicest and bravest troops, viz.: all the Suliots and Candiots, and the remainder of the garrison of Missolonghi.

The corps of Karaiskaki, which was the flower of the army, and amounted to 4000 men, is almost entirely destroyed; of the other 9000 Greeks, 3000 threw themselves into the Piærus, where they entrenched themselves, the remaining 6000 fled or dispersed in different directions. Fabvier is said to have informed the Greek senate that the Acropolis has still a stock of provisions sufficient for 2 months.

LEIPSIC, June 10.

(*Extract of a Private Letter.*)

The last news that we received from the North is quite warlike. The Arming of the Russian fleet at Cronstadt—the great activity that prevails in the arsenals of the interior of the empire, and especially at Toula—and, lastly, the grand review that took place before the Emperor at Wasma—are so many facts, proving that Russia very seriously meditates the reparation of those errors which she has committed, in abandoning for six years to the mercy of the Ottoman sabre, a nation which has so many claims to her protection. *Noah's Enq.*

Married,

In Canton, by Hon. C. Holland, Mr. Stephen M. Marble of Bethel to Miss Allura Bonney of Turner.

In Sanford, Mr. Theodore Linscott, aged 70 years, to Miss Abigail Cain, aged 72.

Died,

In this town, Mr. Joshua Howard, Jr.

In Lisbon, Mr. John Weston.

In Hallowell, Mrs. Charity Drew, aged 60.

In Paris, Columbus, aged 5 months, youngest child of Capt. George King.

In Taunton, Mrs. Lydia Deane, aged 31, widow of the late Mr. George Dean.

In Sangerville, Mr. Stephen Sanger, aged 64; he fell dead while loading a load of hay, exclaiming, "I am gone."

In Sandwich, Dr. Benjamin Bourne, aged 84. He was a graduate of Harvard University, and classmate of the late Gov. Strong.

In Dundee, Scotland, on the 19th April, Janet Findlay, at the age of 104 years. Janet had formerly earned her subsistence by hawking the country with small wares, but during the last 12 years she was supported by charity. At the ripe period of 88 she gave her hand in wedlock to a youth of 25, with whom she occasionally resided till the day of her death; but his productive industry was not sufficient to shield his aged partner from the gripe of poverty. Her faculties were but little impaired, and her death was occasioned by a fall which she got on the previous Saturday.

In Pittsford, Vt. Capt. Zachariah Rand, aged 75. At the commencement of the revolutionary war, Capt. R. enlisted as a private soldier, in which capacity, and afterwards as a Lieutenant in the militia, he served his country in her arduous struggle for Independence, about three years.—With the same alacrity to support the constituted authorities of his country, did he again repair to her standard, for the suppression of Shay's Insurrection, so called, at which time he commanded a company of militia.

CLOTH DRESSING.

THE subscriber would respectfully inform the Public that he has employed a Journeyman, the present season, who has, for a number of years been employed in woolen factories; in different States, whose knowledge of coloring and finishing Cloth must be superior to any in this part of the country; that his Shearing Machines are put in complete repair, and he has no hesitation in saying that they will shear close, and handsome, *and will equal any new ones in the State.* He is determined to do as much as any one in the County, to satisfy his customers, as to style of work and terms of payment.

DANIEL R. PARSONS.

Paris, (Stowell's Mills,) Aug. 20, 1827.

CLOTH DRESSING,
IMPROVED.

THE subscribers would respectfully inform their customers, and the public generally, that they have in operation a NEW AND *IMPROVED MACHINE*, for shearing Cloth—by which, it may be done in the best possible manner, and much superior to any other Machine in this State, (except *one* of like kind, there being only two in Maine.)—They therefore, with the greatest confidence, invite all persons who have cloth to dress, to call and examine their machine, and cloth which they have finished, and see for themselves, if it does not, on comparison, look *superior* to any they have before seen. They are determined to do all in their power to make their style of work, the permanency of their colors, and the terms of payment such "that none shall go away dissatisfied."

S. & A. MILLETT.

Norway Village, Aug. 14, 1827. tf 163

☞CLOTH DRESSING.☜

THE subscribers respectfully inform their friends and the public, that they have taken the Stand for *DRESSING CLOTH*, recently improved by MORRILL & RICKER, at Steep Falls, in Norway, where they have made arrangements to *Full and Dress Cloth* in the best possible manner. They assure their customers that no exertions will be spared on their part to give satisfaction; and the terms of payment will be made satisfactory.

JOHN MARCH,
JOSHUA RICKER.

July 2, 1827. tf 157

Cordage, Cut Nails and Duck.

THOMAS BROWNE, No. 12, Long Wharf, Portland, AGENT for the State of Maine, for the sale of PATENT CORDAGE, made by Robbins, of Plymouth. Also CUT NAILS and BRADS of all sizes, from 3d to 50d, manufactured by Boston Iron Company. DUCK of various prices, *ANCHORS*, and *CHAIN CABLES.*

It is presumed that the quality, price, and time for the above articles, will give entire satisfaction.

Portland, Aug. 14, 1827. 1y 163

BRIDGTON ACADEMY

WILL again go into operation on the 10TH Day of September next, under the instruction of an experienced and highly approved Preceptor.

NATH'L HOWE, LEANDER GAGE, } *Superintending Committee of Trustees of said Academy.*

Bridgton, Aug. 13, 1827.

☞LOOK OUT!!!

ALL persons who are indebted to the subscriber, either by Note or Account, are requested in a particular manner, to make payment before the next Court, or their Notes and Accounts will be left with an Attorney for collection, without distinction, favor or affection. SIMEON CHIPMAN.

Paris, (Stowell's Mills,) Aug. 20, 1827.

The Souvenir.

EMBELLISHED WITH

Splendid Quarto Engravings.

THIS work is intended as an agreeable and instructive companion for the parlour, and an appropriate attendant at the Toilet—to be issued every Wednesday, commencing with the first Wednesday in July next.

No exertion will be spared to render "THE SOUVENIR," in all respects worthy the patronage of the public, both as a cheap and elegant emporium of useful and interesting information, and a valuable repository of choice specimens of Miscellaneous literature. Strict attention will be bestowed on the moral tendency of "THE SOUVENIR," and a constant watchfulness preserved over the cause and interests of virtue.

A portion of the contents will be as follows:

I. TALES, original and selected; ESSAYS, moral, humorous and scientific; POETRY, original and selected from the best American and Foreign publications; BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES of distinguished persons, *male* and *female*, particularly the latter; ANECDOTES, *Bon Mots*, &c. &c. The *original* matter necessary for this department of our paper will be furnished by individuals who are advantageously known to the public through the medium of their Literary productions; besides the numerous correspondents who may be expected to contribute.

II. *Miscellany.*—Interesting items of intelligence, foreign and domestic occurrences, deaths, marriages, &c.

III. *Engravings.*—The first number of every month will be embellished with a splendid quarto *Copperplate Engraving*, fitted to the size of the work, among which will be the following:

Alhambria, Ancient Palace of the Moorish Kings in Spain.
View of the Permanent Bridge over the Schuylkill.
Ætna, from the Gardens of the Prince of Biscaria.
View of St. Petersburgh.
Arch-Street Ferry, Philadelphia.
Paraclete, founded by Abelard.
Giant's Causeway and Bridge of Bridon.
State Prison, Auburn, New York.
Tynwald Hill, Isle of Man.
Burning Fountains, one of the seven wonders of Dauphiny.
Grotto of Osselles.
Temple of Pluto.
Pont Du Gard, near Nismes, Languedoc.
Saussure's ascent of Mont Blanc.
Cascade near Oysans, Dauphiny.
Desert of the Grand Chartreuse.
East Prospect of Giant's Causeway.
Castle of Segovia, Spain.
Lake of Killarney from Kenmure Park.

Each Subscriber will thus be furnished yearly with seventeen superior Copperplate Engravings, the price of which if purchased singly would more than double the annual cost of the entire work.

IV. *The Toilet.*—In addition to the usual Literary matter contained in similar publications, the Proprietor has completed an arrangement by which he will be enabled to furnish correct descriptions of the prevailing fashions, both foreign and domestic, illustrated with elegant engravings, besides the regular series, once in each quarter; places of fashionable resort; sketches of life, manners, &c. &c. at the earliest possible period, and from the most authentic sources.

V. Editor's department; notices of passing events; The Drama; New Publications; Criticisms; Reviews, &c. &c.

TERMS.

"THE SOUVENIR" will be published every WEDNESDAY, on extra-medium fine white paper, printed with new and elegant type, and decorated, in addition to the engravings alluded to above, with many appropriate Embellishments. Each Number will comprise eight pages, cut, stitched and expressly adapted for binding. At the expiration of every year, or the close of a volume, subscribers will be furnished *gratis* with a general index of the contents, and a handsomely engraved title-page.

Price of subscription $2 50 per annum, payable in advance. Postmasters and others out of the city, procuring five subscribers and becoming responsible for the payment, will be entitled to a sixth copy gratis.

The Copper-Plate embellishments will be superintended by the Publisher, and the typographical part of this work will be under the exclusive directions of Messrs. Atkinson & Alexander, who have been so long known to the public as able and enterprising artisans, that it is entirely unnecessary to say that so far as they are concerned, there can be no doubt as to the elegance of its execution; and with regard to his own share of the arrangements, the Publisher binds himself, in case he should fail to perform any essential part of his undertaking to refund the price of subscription.

☞Subscriptions received at the Oxford Bookstore where specimens of the work may be seen. ASA BARTON.

Norway, August 23, 1827. 164

MASSACHUSETTS COLLECTION

OF

MARTIAL MUSIC;

CONTAINING a plain, easy, and concise introduction to the grounds of Martial Music, laid down in the most comprehensive manner. Together with a large collection of the most approved Beats, Marches, Airs, &c.; including the principal part of the duties of the camp, the evolutions for the Musicians, and their signals; a great part of which was never before published. Designed principally for the benefit of the Militia of the United States. By ALVIN ROBINSON, Jun. *Third Edition, Revised, Corrected, and Improved.*——Just received and for sale by

ASA BARTON, *Agent.*

Norway, July 23, 1827.

WANTED,

AS an Apprentice to the House-joinering business, an active Lad, from 16 to 18 years of age, to commence the first of September next; one who can come well recommended as to his habits of industry and morality will meet with good encouragement.

EZRA F. BEAL.

Norway, July 31, 1827. 161

☞FOR SALE.

THE subscriber offers for sale a valuable Lot of LAND, situated in BETHEL, on the North side of the River, lying on the main road leading from Bethel to Gilead, a part of said Lot is Intervale, well watered and wooded, containing one hundred and thirty Acres—known by the name of the 'Smith Lot,' and will make a good farm.—Terms easy. JEDEDIAH BURBANK.

tf 161

Poetry.

MR. HOLMES--A POET.

The following lines were written by Hon. John Holmes, on his return from Washington to Maine, last Spring.

THE RETURN.

Days of absence, sad and weary,
Banished long from sweetest home,
Seas becalm'd and prospects dreary,
Heart depress'd with care and gloom!

Still my hopes the distance banish,
Dreams of bliss my heart inspires,
Time and space now fade and vanish,
Hope enkindles by desires.

Wife and children, friends and neighbors,
Seem to welcome, cheer, and greet me,
Recompense my toils and labors;
Love and friendship join to meet me.

Still the winds and calms successive
Join my brightest hopes to blast;
Swells or clouds or sun oppressive,
Tells the future by the past.

Thus in life's capricious ocean
Man is oft the sport of chance;
Calm, or tide, or storm's commotion
Control or check as we advance.

Our fragile bark, behold her sailing,
On life's fickle ocean toss'd;
Reason's compass sometimes failing,
Virtue's helm too often lost.

Star of truth! be my direction,
Shine benignant from above;
Guide me to that sure protection,
The haven of eternal Love.

VARIETY.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG LADY.

A young lady, at eighteen often needs a warning voice to point out the quick-sands over which she is speeding her thoughtless career. I hear you are beautiful and have many admirers. I am sorry for it. A young woman whose conduct is marked with strict honor and principle, cannot have *many* admirers. There is nothing that more certainly marks a bad heart and depraved moral principle, or worse, a thorough destitution of it, than this cruel and guilty encouragement of honorable love.

A young man is never long attached to a young lady without her being aware of it; commonly indeed before he is himself aware of the nature and extent of his feelings. The knowledge is almost intuitive. From that moment, if she be persuaded that she cannot reciprocate his sentiments, her course is plain before her—it is cool, undeviating, unhesitating repulse—on every occasion, place, and manner. Love *will* die without hope. To crush love in the bud is easy; but trifle and tamper with it, till it has taken root in the heart, and its destruction is attended with the extinction of the heart's best and noblest feelings.

Never forget this prime maxim in these matters, *not to discourage is always to encourage.*

Your choice I will not, I would not, bias. But I had rather hear you are engaged to a man of good character and industrious habits, than to the wealthiest man without them; for in this country, these are always a sure pledge of final success.

A mean and culpable species of coquetry, is the practice of not giving decided encouragement, or repulse, with a view of keeping your slave till you have learned, to use the cant phrase, *you cannot do better.* I know not an expression that betrays more despicable meanness. She who uses it, shows a willingness to sell her hand, to traffic her person for value received, that is revolting in the highest degree.

Not one, not even a parent, can tell what character will render a lady happy, but herself—on herself, alone, then must and ought to rest the responsibility of her choice. I have seen so many marriages commenced with all the glitter of wealth and pomp, terminate in misery and broken hearts; and so many that have begun with no very promising auspices, which have proved as happy as human life admits, that I am convinced that the parent who officially interposes, stands answerable to God, his child, and his conscience, in a degree of responsibleness most fearful and tremendous.

Ladies too often attempt to gain husbands, as anglers catch fish—by drawing the bait, as he approaches it, till he is impelled to grasp at every hazard; but she who angles for a husband may find, too late, that she has gained the man at the expense of the husband's confidence in her principles and in her heart.

JOE STRICKLAND.

in tother Buls hed, Jewli 18, 1000 800 & 27.

Lovin Unkle Ben—Yeu mus'nt take no moar ov Jakub's Red munny, kase he's got intu a darn kind ov a Snarl, un I expect it wil awl go tu pot in a heep. I kant tel yeu hou tis, not awl on't, only i kno thut a Parsle ov loryers got hold on im un tha kat hawld him at a grate rate. He had awl kreashun at him at wonse. Furst they tried tu dround him in the Moris Kanaul, but he got out, un jumpt intu the Lyphe un Phire, un lik'd tu hev birnt tu deth—then he dug under ground un got intu the Phultun hanck, un turnd out the hol boodle ov um, got awl the munny, un then lafft at um, the loryars awl the tyme drivin at him, but tha koud'nt get hold on him—he was jist like Padda's Phlee, kase when tha put ther finger on him he was'nt there—finally and turnally, tha kind uv surrounded him un got him into kourt, un he fit um so hard that he slipt thru ther fingers. He's a Pritty darn kute man; he noes az much for az inny on um; un by the lord Harry tha koud'nt hold him not a bit moar thun yeu koud heald a wild pig by the tale after yeu had rub'd Soalt Sope on't.—Arter a while tha drove him kinder intu a korner un tride him agin, un i bleve the Jewry brot him in ghilty on Sewa Side, but I ges tha won't kil him. I'm darn sorra fur im, kase I alwas lik't Jakub—iph it had'nt bin fur his red munny I shoud'nt bort that Tikkit ov Arnul, when i furst kum from Varmount, thut drord the twenta thousen dolers in the fillydelfy Lotrey. i meen tu give him part on't to pa his Phine with—i'll be dar'nd iph i doan't help im out out ov the Skrape iph i kan, for tha ar all pickin at him and want tu make him a skape gote.

Noty Bene.—Squaere Pettybone is jist got heer frum Varmount, un i was plaigy tikkled when he toald me thut Dekon Amariah Biglow marryed my Kuzun Aut Nabby Mayhu, nix day arter she got hom with the fore thousen dolers thut Arnul Pade her fur that tikkit she bort ov im. What a darn kunin oald rat he iz. I ges tha'l put ther ods and eands tugether un try it agin, thave had sich grate luk this time. tel Aut nabby iph she ever kwarrils with the Dekon she mus'nt nevver stryke him with the brume stik akros his legs, kase tha aint bigger thun drum Stiks, un thade Brake as ezy az pype Stems.

Pose Kript.—I've phound Morgin arter a darn deal ov trubble, blast iz ize—ive bin gone arter him 3 weaks, un i've jist got bak. i haint got no time tu rite about him now, kase the Lotry drows nex to-day, un I meen tu tutch a phew ov Arnuls kimikle Billz. Yeud split yure gizerd laffin tu se the prizes Arnul has soald un pade—he's got um Strung on a Darn Long wyre az mutch as phorta rod long—tha reatch klear frum the top ov his Chimbley doun tu the ground—tha looke jist like a Darn grate Long big Katty Piller. When Square Pettybone goze bak i'le rite yeu about Morgin. So no moar at prezent from yure Lovin Neffeu til deth.

JOE STRICKLAND.

Tu Unkle Ben; klost tu the meatin hous.

CURIOUS PUNISHMENTS.

From the Old Records of Massachusetts, between the years 1630 and 1650.

"Sir Richard Saltonstall, fined 4 bushels of malt for his absence from court.

Josias Plastow, shall, for stealing four baskets of corn from the Indians, return them 8 baskets again, and fined 5*l.* and hereafter to be called Josias, and not Mr. as he used to be.

Joyce Bradwick shall give unto Alexander Becks, 20s. for promising him marriage without her friends consent, and now refusing to perform the same.

Thomas Peter for suspicion of slander, idleness and stubbornness, is to be severely whipt and kept in hold.

An Irishman left "sweet Ireland," in the Revolutionary war, to chastise the rebel *Yankees*, and being on a scouting party, he lost his way, and after travelling a number of days, he became lost in a swamp, just at evening.—He had never heard Bullfrogs in Ireland; and now their strange voices fell upon his ear ominously. It was dark, but the lightning bug occasionally showed her lamp, and he thought that he was surrounded by the avenging spirits of dead *Yankees* spitting fire.—He clasped a tree and called on St. Patrick all night. In the morning he found his way to a habitation, and related his story—"Oh," says he, "I am safe at last—I have been all night in the power of *craichers cawl'd* Yankee Spirits.—I held tight to a tree. One would cry out *kaill'im! kaill'im!* and if it had not been for one *auld* gentleman close by, with a grum voice they would have *kaill'd* me. He now and then would say, *Moderation! Moderation!* and to this *auld* gentleman, who cried out *Moderation!* I owe my life."

Pittsfield Argus.

READY WIT.—Some company in Ireland disputing relative to the quickness of reply ascribed to the lower orders of that country, it was resolved to put the matter to the test, in the person of a clown, who was approaching them.

"Pat," said one of the gentlemen, "if the devil were to come, and be determined to have one of us, which do you think he would take?"

"Me, to be sure?"

"And why so?"

"Because, he knows he can have your honor at any time."

In Scotland, Malcolm M'Gregor, a printer, has lately set up a claim in law to having been *twice* married to a Mrs. Jolly, an heiress, before she married her present husband, though he was at her wedding with this husband, and drank bumpers to their jolity. After two years he has brought this suit. One Court has decided in his favor, and an appeal is now pending.

Francis Healy, who has been at service in Canada, has published a notice that he is going to England to marry an heiress of the largest fortune there, to whom he has been engaged for 14 years. If disappointed, he proposes to return, and go to service again.

A GENTLEMAN.—When Mr. Rigbee was offered a *Peerage*, he thanked the then Premier, and said, as he lived, so he would die, *a gentleman!*

IMMORTALITY.—Bautru, in presenting a poet to M. d'Hemery, addressed him, "Sir, I present to you a person who will give you immortality; but you must give him something to live upon in the mean time."

A humorist asked a citizen the other day, *whether he would sooner kiss a pretty girl, or partake of a good feast!* The citizen honestly replied that he should prefer the latter. To which the wag archly rejoined, I never thought you a man of the *ton* before, *but I find now you have more taste than feeling.*

Novel Application of Electricity or New Way to Pay Old Debts.

A certain physician, who possessed a powerful Electrical Machine, discovered a sheriff making rapid strides towards his house? and suspecting from circumstances that he had some designs on his personal liberty, the worthy M. D. made preparations accordingly, to ward off the anticipated attack. Attaching a conductor (from his electrical apparatus) to the knocker on the front door, he then charged the machine to a very high degree, and waited the result. The steps which ascended to the front door had an elevation of fourteen feet. Clothed in all the importance of the law, the sheriff ascended, and with a firm grasp seized the fatal knocker. Instantly he found himself at the bottom of the steps. After having recovered in some measure from a blow given by an invisible power, and having collected his scattered writs and executions, together with his scattered senses, he made a second attempt, wondering at this strange method of paying debts. Meanwhile the doctor had again charged his faithful conductor. No sooner had the sheriff again dared to touch the fatal knocker, than he found himself twelve feet nearer the centre of the earth the second time. Remembering the old adage, "beware of the third time," he immediately quit the premises leaving the doctor in full possession of the "castle" he had so well defended.—*Fall River Monitor.*

A certain clergyman preached at St. Merry and did not please his audience. Senteuil who was present said, "This preacher did much better last year." Some one observed, "How so? he did not preach at all last year." "For that very reason," said Stenteuil, "he did much better."

THE CASKET,

OR,

Flowers of Literature, Wit and Sentiment,

A PERIODCAL WORK ISSUED MONTHLY:

Each No. will contain 40 or more pages of Letter Press, and be embellished with one Copperplate, and four or more Wood Engravings,

Forming at the end of the year a Volume of about 500 Pages.

THE vast quantity of matter crowded, by small type and careful arrangement, into the columns of every number of the Saturday Evening Post, in the course of a month, furnishes the most ample materials from which to form an interesting periodical work, such as the Casket has been considered by its partial friends, and such as we intend it *shall be.* Notwithstanding the fact, that the Casket is but a collection from the columns of the Saturday Evening Post, we confidently predict, and indeed we are sanctioned in the experience we already have, that its most numerous patrons will be found among the subscribers to our weekly paper.—A large number of those who take the "Post" depend upon that paper for the news of the week—it is therefore read with avidity by almost every member of the family where it is received, and this general use frequently injures its appearance so much as almost to render it unfit for the file, and for binding. The numbers too, by this general use, are not unfrequently lost, mutilated or entirely destroyed, and the file thus broken. The Casket is calculated to prevent this inconvenience, and to furnish, at a very cheap price, all the useful matter for which the weekly paper would be desirable when bound. In thus giving a permanent form and select association to the choice pieces of our weekly contributors, it is confidently anticipated that new and successful inducements will be held out for the exercise of superior talent, and unusual care in our literary department. In addition to the recommendation of neatness in the general appearance—and particular attention to the typographical execution, it is our intention to embellish each number of the "Casket" with several handsome Engravings, from the hands of some of the most distinguished artists in the country.

With these claims to patronage, "the Casket" will be afforded to those who subscribe for *that* publication exclusively, at the low price of $2,50 per year; a subscription, which is confidently believed, is much lower than that for any other publication of a similar character in this country—but to the subscribers of "The Saturday Evening Post" "The Casket" will be furnished for $2,00. Subscriptions invariably to be paid in advance.

The Embellishments for 1827 will consist of elegant Portraits of JOHN ADAMS, General ANDREW JACKSON, WASHINGTON, LA FAYETTE, DE WITT CLINTON, J. C. CALHOUN, ROBERT FULTON, and other distinguished Characters—Views of remarkable places; and illustrations of the SCHOOL OF FLORA, being the commencement of a regular series of Treaties on Botany: to which will be added a handsome vignette title page at the end of the volume.

☞Subscriptions received by the subscriber at the *Oxford Bookstore*, where specimens of the work may be seen.

ASA BARTON.

Norway Aug. 1, 1827. 6w 161

JUST published and for sale at the *Oxford Bookstore*, Memoirs of Capt. *JAMES WILSON*, containing an account of his enterprises and sufferings in India, his conversion to christianity, his missionary voyage to the South Sea, and his peaceful and triumphant death. ☞ALSO, Essays on the most important subjects in Religion, by Rev. THOMAS SCOTT, author of the commentary on the Bible, CHEAP. *Jul* 8, 20.

HEBRON ACADEMY.

THE Fall Term in Hebron Academy will commence on Monday, the 6th day of August next, still under the care of SIMEON PERKINS, Esq. A. M. whose success as an instructer is already well known. Youths of both sexes applying to this Institution may depend on receiving from the Preceptor and Superintending Committee all the attention which their circumstances, as Students, may require. JOHN TRIPP, *Sec'ry.*

July 18, 1827.

JOHNSON'S AMERICAN

Anodyne Liniment,

OR,

LIQUID OPODELDOC.

THIS most excellent preparation is composed of a number of the most powerful articles which the Materia Medica affords, several of which have never before been combined in any preparation, of this kind, and is considered, by good judges, to be decidedly superior to any other Opodeldoc. Externally it will be used with great advantage for gout and rheumatism; for Strains, Bruises and Swellings; for Numbness, Stiffness, and Cramp, in the Neck, Back or Limbs. Surgeons will find it an admirable application to dislocated joints and Fractured Bones, both before and after setting.

Internally it is used with the most happy effects for Asthma for hard dry, spasmodic coughs attended with pain in the side, for Hooping Cough, for pains and soreness, in the stomach and sides caused by lifting or otherwise, for suppression of the Urin, for Deafness which has recently occurred, and for pains and itching in the ears; a lock of cotton dipped in it and put into a painful tooth, gives immediate relief. It will be found to possess all the virtues of the British Oil, of the white or any other Opodeldoc now in existence, while its power and effects are double to that of any of them.—Testimonies of its beneficial effects in particular cases might be multiplied at pleasure, but the following respectable Certificates are thought to be sufficient.

CERTIFICATES.

I, the subscriber, do hereby certify, that after having been troubled with a Rheumatic Affection for some years, I was attacked with a Gouty Rheumatism in all my limbs, towards the close of the year 1824, and was attended on for a number of weeks by two skilful physicians, without the least sensible benefit. My legs and thighs were almost as big as my body, and my hands and arms so much swelled, that I could neither turn in bed nor feed myself. While in this state, Dr. Johnson's American Anodyne Liniment or Liquid Opodeldoc was recommended to me, and I commenced the use of it in Feb. 1825—and the use of this Medicine, and a flannel roller three weeks, entirely relieved the pain and swelling of my limbs. During this time I used a bottle of Whitwell's Liquid Opodeldoc on one limb, without any advantage whatever. I attribute it to the blessing of GOD on this excellent preparation, that I am now out of my grave. I would say to the sufferer from Rheumatism, "go thou and do likewise." LEVI CLARK.

Frankkn, Sept. 12, 1825.

We, the subscribers, having experienced the good effects of Johnson's American Anodyne Liniment in relieving obstructons of the water, do hereby give our testimony in favor of that excellent remedy in this painful complaint.

CHRISTIANA K. MERCER, of Sullivan.
ELIZA HOOPER, of Franklin.
SAMUEL BEAN, of Sullivan.

☞Sold Wholesale and Retail by ASA BARTON, at the *Oxford Bookstore*, who is agent for the Proprietor; Also, by the Proprietor at Sullivan, Me. by the principal Apothecaries in the State, and by Wakefield, Smith & Co. 121, Washington-street, Boston.

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BROWN'S DROPS FOR FITS.

THIS valuable Medicine has been used in several instances with success for the cure of Fits.—Numerous Certificates of its efficacy have been received from persons of the first respectability.—The following from John Whipple, Esq. is sufficient to show its value:

I, JOHN WHIPPLE, of Hooksett, certify and say, that my child was attacked with fits in a very dangerous degree Medical aid seemed to have had little or no effect. I applied to Mr. Brown, and he gave me a phial of his Drops, which I gave to my child as directed by said Brown; and I have no doubt they were of much service. After administering one phial full to my child, the fits left her, and she has been in perfect health ever since JOHN WHIPPLE

Hooksett, June, 1823.

☞For sale by appointment of the Proprietors, at the *Oxford Bookstore.*

JAUNDICE BITTERS.

THE subscriber has been appointed Agent for selling *Johnson's Jaundice Bitters*, a most valuable Medicine for persons afflicted with the Jaundice or complaints of that kind These Bitters are very pleasant and strong—and are highly esteemed by all such as have made trial of them.—*For sale wholesale and retail.*—Traders and others who purchase to sell again, can be supplied on reasonable terms. ASA BARTON.

Norway, July 17.

JUST received and for sale at the *Oxford Bookstore*, Minutes of a discussion on the question, "*Is the punishment of the wicked absolutely eternal? or is it only a temporal punishment in this world for their good, and to be succeeded by eternal happiness after death?*" Between Rev. Abner Kneeland and Rev. W. L. McCalla, which took place in Philadelphia; which lasted four days—taken in short hand by R. L. Jennings. *July* 29.

JUST received and for sale at the *Oxford Bookstore*, Kneeland's Translation of the New Testament; Kneeland's Lectures on the Divine Benevolence; Balou's Notes on the Parables; Cobb's Sermon's, &c. *July* 12.

Gold and Silver

WILL be paid for a few Dollars of Bills on the Kennebec Bank, at a Discount, if offered soon, at the OXFORD BOOKSTORE.

ASA BARTON, Agent.

July 19.

FOR SALE,

A COMPLETE File of the *Oxford Observer* for the two last years, cheap,—inquire of ASA BARTON, Agent.

July 5.

JUST published and for sale at the *Oxford Bookstore*, the MAINE TOWN OFFICER—being a dijest of the Laws relating to the duties of all officers necessary to be chosen in towns. *July* 27.

TICKETS AND PARTS

IN the 16th Class of the Cumberland and Oxford Canal Lottery for sale by the subscriber. All persons who wish to purchase Tickets would do well to call immediately, and furnish themselves—recollecting that he sold several handsome prizes in the last class

DAVID SMITH.

Norway Aug. 7th.

THE Standing Committee for locating and viewing roads in the County of Oxford, hereby give notice to all concerned, that they will meet for the purpose of locating and viewing roads in the several places, and at the several times particularized below, viz.:

At the house of E. Blake, Esq. in Hartford, on Tuesday the Fourth day of September next, to locate a road from the present County road nigh the house of said Blake, to said County road nigh Heman Wood's barn; as prayed for by Job Young and others.

At Fuller's ferry, in Livermore, on the east side of Androsgoggin river, on Thursday the Sixth day of said September, to locate a road from said Fuller's ferry to the east line of Livermore, to meet a road laid out by order of the Court of Sessions for the County of Kennebec, from Wayne Meeting house; as prayed for by Billy Benjamin and others.

At Jonathan Soule's in Hartford, on Monday the Tenth day of said September, to locate a road, from the present County road near said Soule's, through a part of Canton and Peru, to the present traveled road, near the house of Benjamin Wormwell in said Peru; as prayed for by Hezekiah Walker and others.

Where the County road, laid out and accepted through Weld, strikes the South line of Township numbered six, on Friday the Fourteenth day of said September, to locate a road from said County road in Weld, thro' Township numbered six, to the County road in Township numbered eight, as prayed for by Stephen Holt and others.

At the house of Rowse Bisby in Woodstock, on Wednesday the Nineteenth day of September, to view for a road, beginning some Westerly of said Bisby's mill, to Long Pond, and down the Little Androscoggin River to Paris line, and through a part of said Paris to the new County road at the foot of Willis' hill (so called;) agreeablee to the prayer of the petition of P. C. Virgin and others.

At Eli Twitchell's Inn in Bethel, on Saturday the Twenty second day of said September, to locate a road from Bethel, on the West side of Songo Pond, through Albany to Waterford; as prayed for by Asa Cummings and others.

At James Russell's in Waterford on Tuesday the Twenty fifth day of said September, to view for a road from nigh Gilead Line, through a part of Bethel and Albany to Waterford flat; as prayed for by John Lovejoy and others.

By order of said Committee,

EZRA SMITH, *Chairman.*

Rumford, August 10, 1827. 3w 163

ÆTNA INSURANCE COMPANY.

INCORPORATED for the purpose of insuring against LOSS and DAMAGE by FIRE only, with a

Capital of 200,000 Dollars,

and a surplus Fund of more than *THIRTY-FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS;* the whole secured and vested in the best possible manner,—offer to take risks on terms as favorable as other Offices.

The business of the Company is principally confined to risks in the country, and therefore so detached that its capital is not exposed to great losses by sweeping fires. The small compensation they require, and the liberality and promptness in adjusting all losses that may accrue under their Policies together with eight years close application and experience, induce them to flatter themselves that they shall receive a share of public patronage.

☞The subscriber is an authorized Agent for this Company, and will issue Policies immediately, to those who may apply for them. ASA BARTON.

Norway, July 5, 1827.

N. B.—As this Company does *not* insure upon *marine* risks, it is considered to be perfectly safe, and deserving of public confidence.

JUSTICES' DOCKETS

MADE conformable to the Laws of the State of Maine, for sale at the Oxford Bookstore.—Every Justice who does business as a Magistrate, should be provided with one of these Dockets. *July* 17.

JUST received and for sale at the *Oxford Bookstore*, Doct. Thompson's celebrated EYE WATER.

BROWN CAMBRICS

FOR Ladie's Bonnetts—also Feather Fans, just received and for sale by

ASA BARTON, Agent.

July 24.

JUST received and for sale at the *Oxford Bookstore*,

SCOTT'S MILITARY TACTICS,

enforcing the duty of INFANTRY, LIGHT-INFANTRY, and RIFLEMEN.—Every Officer in the Militia, should furnish himself with a copy of this valuable work in Military Tactics. *April* 16.

JUST received and for sale by ASA BARTON, *Agent*, A *new and fresh supply of* DR. LAGRANGE'S GENUINE OINTMENT, for the cure of the SALT RHEUM.—This Ointment is a safe and sure cure for the *Salt Rheum*, and *Tinea Capitis*, or Scald Head. *Aug* 16.

JUST received and for sale at the *Oxford Bookstore*, School Bibles, *a good edition*; also Colburn's Arithmetic; Writing and Wrapping Paper, &c. *to be sold cheap.*

The Observer

Is published every Thursday, by

ASA BARTON,

(FOR THE PROPRIETORS,)

at $2 00 per annum, subject to a deduction of 12 1-2 per cent. to all who pay *cash* within three months from the date of their subscription.

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